

N^o 41.

DIVINE SONGS

FOR

CHILDREN.

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50 P

THE WORD OF GOD.

"Harriet," said Mr. Richards, "will you step up stairs, and tell your mamma that breakfast is ready?" Harriet was about two years and a half old. She was generally a pleasant and dutiful child, but sometimes wanted to have her own way. She did not at this time obey her father, for the weather was cold, and it was rather unpleasant going into the entry and chamber where there was no fire. So she stood still and hung down her head. Her father repeated the command, but still she did not go.—Her lips began to pout, and she looked quite sullen. "My daughter," said Mr. Richards, "do you not love your papa?" "Yes sir," said Harriet in a very low and trembling voice. "Then," said her father, "should you not love to obey him?" Harriet did not answer, but her lip quivered, and she seemed to be almost sorry that she could not obey so kind a father; yet her stubborn heart said, I can't do it now. Mr. R. looked firmly and kindly at her for some time without speaking. At last he said, "Harriet, look at your papa." The little girl was very unwilling to lift up her eyes from the floor, but she did not dare to refuse. So she looked at her father's eye. "Now, my daughter," said Mr. R. "tell me what God says to children." She instantly replied, repeating that verse in one of the Epistles of Paul, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for that is right." Before she had said half the words she was looking towards the door; and as soon as she had finished she ran off to obey her father, and called her mother to breakfast.

The Rev. Mr. Champney, one of Mr. Richards' brethren in the ministry, was present during this scene, and attended to all that passed with deep interest. When he saw the obstinacy of Harriet overcome in this manner, he expressed his surprise, and inquired how Mr. R. accounted for it. "It was," said Mr. R. "*the word of God* that subdued her stubborn will, and it is often so. I have accustomed her to consider that *my* word must be obeyed, and it is

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Baptist General Tract Society.

DIVINE SONGS
FOR CHILDREN.

BY ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

SONG I.

A general Song of Praise to God.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His awful Majesty?
How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints who dwell,
On high, before his face.
Not angels, who stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.
Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels will rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG II.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I sing th' almighty power of God,
Which made the mountains rise;
Which spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the *wisdom* which ordain'd
 The sun to rule by day;
 The moon shines full at his command
 And all the stars obey.

I sing the *goodness* of the Lord,
 Who filled the earth with food;
 He formed the creatures by his word,
 And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed
 Where'er I turn my eye!
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant nor flower below,
 But makes thy glories known;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
 With wrath in hell beneath;
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
 And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
 He keeps me with his eye;
 Why do I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh?

SONG III.

Praise to God for our Redemption by Jesus Christ

BLEST be the goodness and the power,
 The wisdom and the grace,
 Which joined in counsel to restore,
 And save a ruined race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
 And from his glory fell;
 And we, his children, thus were brought
 To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord, who sent his Son,
 His mercy to display;
 To make his glorious Gospel known,
 And point to heaven the way.

Freely he died for us, that we
 Might live in bliss above;
 And there enjoy, eternally,
 The blessings of his love.

Behold him rising from the grave,
 Behold him raised on high;
 He pleads his merits there, to save
 Transgressors doomed to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
 And by his power divine,
 Redeems us from the slavish chains
 Of Satan and of sin.

Thence Jesus will to judgment come,
 And with a sovereign voice
 Will call, and break up every tomb,
 While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
 Before the Judge's face;
 And with the blest assembly there
 Sing God's redeeming grace!

SONG IV.

Praise for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God has given me more;
 For I have food, while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
 Half naked I behold!
 While I am clothed from head to feet,
 And covered from the cold.

While some poor creatures scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head;
 I have a home, wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours, day by day,
 To me above the rest?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best.

SONG V.

Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
 To thee my youngest hours belong;
 I would begin my life with praise,
 Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
 That I was born on Christian ground;
 Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
 And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
 For rich Peru, with all her gold;
 A nobler prize lies in my hand
 Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those who dwell
 Where ignorance with darkness reigns;
 They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
 Those endless joys, those lasting pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
 Kindle my hope and my desire;
 While all the preachers of thy word
 Teach me thy goodness to admire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
 Since thou hast marked my way to heaven;
 Nor will I run the road to death,
 And waste the blessings thou hast given.

SONG VI.

Praise for the Gospel.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
 And not to chance, as others do,
 That I was born of Christian race,
 And not a heathen, or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings
 And Jewish prophets once have given,
 Could they have heard those glorious things
 Which Christ revealed and brought from heaven?

How glad the heathen would have been,
 Who worshipped idols, wood and stone,
 If they the book of God had seen,
 Or Jesus and his Gospel known!

Then, if this Gospel I refuse,
 How shall I e'er lift up my eyes?
 For all the Gentiles and the Jews
 Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG VII.

The Excellency of the Bible.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
 On all thy works I look;
 But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, which in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction given;
 But thy good word informs my soul
 How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
 The goodness of the Lord;
 But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
 Here my best comfort lies,
 Here my desires are satisfied,
 And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law ;
 Show what my faults have been ;
 And from the Gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died,
 To save my soul from hell ;
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

Praise to God for Learning to Read.

THE praises of my tongue
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I was taught and learnt so young
 To read his holy word.

That I was brought to know
 The danger I was in ;
 By nature and by practice too,
 A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see
 I can do nothing well ;
 And whither shall a sinner flee,
 To save himself from hell ?

Great God, this book of thine
 Informs me where to go
 For grace, to pardon all my sin,
 And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn,
 How Christ the Son of God
 Proclaimed the covenant of thy grace,
 And sealed it with his blood.

The Lord, who reigns above,
 Hath sent his Spirit down,
 To show the wonders of his love,
 And make his Gospel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
 And make my heart receive,
 Those truths which all thy servants preach,
 And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord,
 In a more cheerful strain,
 That I was taught to read his word,
 And have not learnt in vain.

SONG IX.

The All-seeing God.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night,
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin which we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy awful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes which we have done
 Be read and published there;
 Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear!

Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
 Upward I dare not look;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
 Which my Redeemer felt;
 And let his blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
 T' indulge a sinful thought;
 Since the great God can see and hear,
 And punish every fault.

SONG X.

Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.

THERE is a God, who reigns above,
 Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas,
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,
 To teach us all what we must do;
 My soul, to his commands submit,
 For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a Gospel of rich grace,
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
 Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
 For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are called by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon offered to the dead.

Just as a tree, cut down, which fell
 Northward or southward, there it lies;
 So man departs to heaven or hell,
 Fixed in the state wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

Heaven and Hell.

THERE is beyond the sky
 A heaven of joy and love;
 And all good children, when they die,
 Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
 And everlasting pains,
 Where sinners must with devils dwell,
 In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
 Escape this dreadful end?
 And may I hope, whene'er I die,
 I shall to heaven ascend?

Then will I read and pray,
 While I have life and breath;
 Lest I should be cut off to-day,
 And sent t' eternal death.

SONG XII.

The Advantages of Early Religion.

HAPPY the child whose early years
 Receive instruction well;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road which leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To serve the Lord betimes;
 While sinners who grow old in sin
 Are hardened in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
 Our childhood we resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That all our lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
 Employ my youngest breath;
 Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

SONG XIII.

The Danger of Delay.

WHY should I say, " 'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven, or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be hardened in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offered grace;
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!

'Tis dangerous to offend a God
Whose power and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Would send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twould for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

SONG XIV.

Examples of Early Piety.

WHAT bless'd examples do I find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children who began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talked with men,
 (The Jews all wondering stand,)
 Yet he obeyed his mother then,
 And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
 And blest their Saviour's name;
 They gave him honour with their tongue,
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel, the child, was weaned, and brought
 To wait upon the Lord;
 Young *Timothy* betimes was taught
 To know his holy word.

Then why do I so long delay
 What others learned so soon?
 Let me not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

SONG XV.

Against Lying.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
 Tho' they should speak the thing that's true,
 And he who does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
 How GOD abhors deceit and wrong;
 How *Ananias* was struck dead,
 Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife *Sapphira* die,
 When she came in, and grew so bold,
 As to confirm that wicked lie
 Which just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them who speak
 The words of truth; but every liar
 Must have his portion in the lake
 Which burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
 Lest I be struck to death and hell;
 Since GOD a book of reck'ning keeps
 For every lie which children tell.

SONG XVI.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For GOD hath made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature to.

But, children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
 And all your words be mild;
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely Child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
 And as his stature grew,
 He grew in favour both with man
 And GOD, his Father, too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
 And from his heavenly throne
 He sees what children dwell in love,
 And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

Love between Brothers and Sisters

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
 There should be peace at home;
 Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
 And 'tis a shameful sight,
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
Which are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs, and naked swords;
To murder, and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked *Cain* was hurried on,
Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII.

Against Scoffing and Calling Names.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastised at school;
And he's in danger of hell fire,
Who calls his brother, fool.

But lips which dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord will cut them off.

When children, in their wanton play,
Served old *Elisha* so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go!"

God quickly stopped their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
Which tore them limb from limb, to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
 To sinners, e'er so young!
 Grant me thy grace, and teach me now
 To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG XIX.

Against Swearing and taking God's Name in vain.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, Almighty God;
 And devils tremble, down in hell,
 Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet, how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name!
 And, when they're angry, how they swear,
 And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

How will they stand before thy face,
 Who treated thee with such disdain;
 While thou shalt doom them to the place
 Of everlasting fire and pain!

Then, never will one cooling drop
 To quench their burning tongues be given;
 But I will praise thee here, and hope
 Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
 Wretches affront the Lord above:
 'Tis that great God, whose power I fear,
 That heavenly Father, whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
 I'll leave their friendship, when I hear
 Young sinners take thy name in vain,
 And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

SONG XX.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour;
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell,
 How neat she spreads her wax ;
 And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past,
 That I may give, for every day,
 Some good account at last.

SONG XXI.

Against Evil Company.

WHY should I join with those in play
 In whom I've no delight ;
 Who curse and swear, but never pray ;
 Who call ill names and fight.

I hate to hear a wanton song,
 Their words offend my ears ;
 I should not dare defile my tongue
 With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
 Nor with the scoffers go ;
 I would be walking with the wise,
 That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy, that's used to mock,
 Ten learn the wicked jest ;
 One sickly sheep infects the flock,
 And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
 With sinful children here ;
 Then let me not be sent to hell,
 Where none but sinners are.

SONG XXII.

Against Pride in Clothes.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
 Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
 The art of dress did not begin
 Till Eve, our mother, learned to sin.

When first she put her covering on,
 Her robe of innocence was gone;
 And yet her children vainly boast
 In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are! How fond to show
 Our clothes, and call them rich and new;
 When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
 That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
 Appear in gayer coats than I;
 Let me be dressed fine as I will,
 Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
 Inward adornings of the mind;
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
 These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare,
 This is the raiment angels wear;
 The Son of God, when here below,
 Put on this best apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;
 It takes no spot, but still refines;
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on earth would I appear,
 Then go to heaven and wear it there;
 God will approve it in his sight,
 'Tis his own work, and his delight.

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to Parents.

LET children, who would fear the Lord,
 Hear what their teachers say;
 With reverence meet their parents' word,
 And with delight obey.

Have we not heard what dreadful plagues
 Are threatened by the Lord
 To him who breaks his father's law,
 Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies?
 How cursed is his name?
 The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
 And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
 Their parents honour due,
 Here on this earth they long shall live,
 And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

A Morning Song.

MY GOD, who mak'st the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below,
 Dost send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
 The business of the day;
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
 Nor let my soul complain,
 That the young morning of my days
 Has all been spent in vain.

SONG XXV.

An Evening Song.

AND now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise;
 My comforts every hour make known
 His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
 My sins, how great their sum!
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
 Let angels guard my head;
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove;
 And in the morning let me rise,
 Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG XXVI.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead;
 Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
 And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke
 The powers of death and hell;
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
 To pray and read thy word;
 And I will go with cheerful feet
 To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heaven;
 O may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the seven.

SONG XXVII.

For the Lord's Day Evening

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship Thee !
 At once they sing, at once they pray ;
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go ;
 'Tis like a little heaven below ;
 Not all my pleasures and my play
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
 The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down, and wake with God.

SONG XXVIII.

The Ant, or Emmet.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
 Without our regard or concern :
 Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
 Some lesson of wisdom might learn.

They wear not their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores ;
 They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
 And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time ;
 When death or old age shall once stare in my face,
 What a wretch shal' I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
 Let me think what shall serve me when sickness shall come,
 And pray that my sins be forgiven.
 Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
 That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

SONG XXIX.

Good Resolutions.

THOUGH I'm now in younger days,
 Nor can tell what shall befall me,
 I'll prepare for every place
 Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
 Others shall partake my goodness;
 I'll supply the poor with meat,
 Never showing scorn or rudeness.

When I see the blind or lame,
 Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them:
 I deserve to feel the same,
 If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
 Why should I return them railing?
 Since I best revenge my wrongs
 By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
 Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
 First I'll try to make them wise,
 Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
 I'll engage the rich to love me,
 While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
 And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
 I shall meet, I hope, with pity;
 Since I love to help the weak,
 Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended;
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
 O'er my humours and my passion,
 As to speak and do no ill,
 Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
 Ne'er may I be found complying;
 But in life behave so well,
 Not to be afraid of dying.

SONG XXX.

Cradle Hymn.

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed!
 Heavenly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide,
 And, without thy care or payment,
 All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou art tended
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from heaven he descended,
 And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
 When his birth-place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features;
 Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
 Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
 How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger,
 Cursed sinners could afford,
 To receive the heavenly stranger?
 Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
 Though my song might sound too hard:
 'Tis thy mother* sits beside thee,
 And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
 How the Jews abused their King,
 How they served the Lord of glory,
 Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky!
 Where they sought him, there they found him,
 With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
 Lovely infant, how he smiled!
 When he wept, the mother's blessing
 Soothed and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in the manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed;
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
 There's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans, and endless crying,
 That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days;
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face, and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire;
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joys aspire.

* Here you may use the word *brother, sister, neighbour, &c.*
 No. 41.

SONG XXXI.

Summer Evening.

How fine has the day been! How bright was the sun!
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
 Though he rose in a mist, when his race he begun,
 And there followed some droppings of rain.
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
 He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian. His course he begins
 Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
 And melts into tears. Then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heavenly way.
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.

SONG XXXII.

The Child's Complaint.

WHY should I love my sport so well;
 So constant at my play;
 And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
 And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
 But, Lord, to learn thy will?
 And shall I daily know thee more,
 And less obey thee still?

How senseless is my heart, and wild!
 How vain are all my thoughts!
 Pity the weakness of a child,
 And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
 And let me love to pray;
 Since God will lend a gracious ear
 To what a child can say.

SONG XXXIII.

Death and Resurrection.

THE winter past, reviving flowers
 Anew shall paint the plain;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.
 Shall man depart this earthly scene,
 Ah, never to return!
 No second spring of life revive
 The ashes of the urn!
 Shall life revisit dying worms,
 And spread the insect's wing;
 And oh! shall man awake no more,
 The Saviour's name to sing?
 Cease, all ye vain desponding fears;
 When Christ from darkness sprang,
 Death, the last foe, was captive led,
 And heaven with praises rang.
 The trump shall sound; the gates of death
 Shall make his children way;
 From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring,
 And shine in endless day.

SONG XXXIV.

Heaven.

HIGH in yonder realms of light
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love.
 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark, their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
 Night is lost in endless day;
 Sorrow—in eternal rest!

Tracts may be obtained at the Society's Depository, Philadelphia, and of its Agents in various parts of the United States.

very seldom that she refuses. But when she does, I do not often resort to scolding, or whipping. I never coax or hire her to obey; I very rarely repeat my commands, and threaten; I sometimes reason the matter with her tenderly, but I have always one resource that has not failed in a single instance for many months past. I ask her, or tell her what God says, and she has never failed to yield to his authority at once. She knows that his word is law to her parents, and to all men, as well as herself. She hears it spoken of with reverence and unwavering confidence. She knows and feels that it is reasonable and right, as far as she understands a few of its simple truths and precepts. And, as yet, it does not seem to be a matter of inquiry with her, whether she may "contemn the Almighty and prosper."

"You have there gained a very great point," said Mr. Champney, "and this little incident has opened to my mind almost a new view of parental government, and indeed of education in general. O how little do we make of the word of God, though it is a well of wisdom and a fountain of life. How little do we teach it to our children; and in the management of them, how often do we forget what we ourselves know of the principles of the Bible. We tell children, if they are good they will go to heaven and be happy, but if they are wicked God will punish them in hell when they die. But we do not tell them who God is, and what he says. We do not teach them to do all things, as to the Lord, and not to men. We do not show them how his word should regulate all their words and thoughts, and his authority control all their actions. And yet how simple is the process when we try, and how easy might instruction and government become on the principles of the gospel."

"True," said Mr. Richards, "and how much labor and vexation we make ourselves by beginning at the wrong end. We endeavor to establish *our* authority, and govern them after our own pleasure; and we do it too often in a manner that shows how little we ourselves are governed by the laws of God. Whereas

our own right to command is grounded on the Bible; while we should also be subject to 'the Father of our spirits' as perfectly as our children should be.—To begin right, we should place both ourselves and our children under the government of God, sit together with them at the feet of Jesus, and refer every thing to the decision of his word.—When I punish my children, I tell them that God bids me do it to prevent their being wicked, and I must not disobey so kind and good a Father. They uniformly feel that I am doing right and am not the less kind to them than when I caress them. Before I leave them, after using the rod, they always tell me they love their papa, and they are sorry they have offended God and him too. But the use of the rod in my house has become an uncommon thing."

"You are a happy father," said Mr. Champney, "and I doubt not you will reap the benefit of this mode of proceeding, as your children advance in years. Impressions like those your child has received this morning, can never be obliterated. She will remember *what God says* on that point at least, while she lives; and the practice of inquiring and thinking of what he says, must have a most important influence in forming her whole character, both for this world and another. I too have learned a lesson. I shall go home and teach and govern my children by the Bible. I shall preach to my church and congregation about it. I shall invite the teachers in my Sabbath schools to apply the simple truths of the Bible to their little pupils, and teach them to know and feel *what God says*. And when people do know and feel what God says, they will live as brethren; children will honor their parents; parents will train up their children for Christ; God will turn the hearts of children to their fathers, and so his people will rejoice in him.